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## NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale

No. 8472

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

Carlton E. Ladd, Plaintiff, vs. F. C. Melton, his wife, Theodosia, and County of Los Angeles, a municipal corporation and L. C. Becker, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, on the 3rd day of April, A. D., 1912, in the above entitled action, wherein Carlton E. Ladd, the above named plaintiff, plaintiff in equity, defendant in equity, and sale against F. C. Melton, et al., defendants, on the 22nd day of March, A. D., 1912, for the sum of seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and two dollars, \$77,002, and costs, and one dollar, \$1, and Los Angeles gold coin of the United States, with said decree was, on the 1st day of April, A. D., 1912, recorded in Judgment Book 2d, of said Court, at page 300, and commanding F. C. Melton, his wife, or parson or parson of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

The southwest quarter of Section Two (2) in Township One (1) north, Range Twelve (12) West, S. B. M. in said county of Los Angeles, State of California, known as the Altadena Height, consisting one hundred and forty-six acres (146) of land, according to Government Survey, together with all water and water-rights thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining and 10 shares of stock in the Rubio Canyon Land &amp; Water Association.

Also the following described real property situate in said county of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lot One (1) and one-half of Lot Two (2) in Section eleven (11), Township One (1) North, Range Twelve (12) West, S. B. M. and M. and a part of the Grogan Tract in the Rancho San Pasqual in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, described as follows:

Beginning at the southwest corner of Section Two (2) in Township One (1) North, Range Twelve (12) West, S. B. M. in said county of Los Angeles, State of California, known as the Altadena Height, consisting one hundred and forty-six acres (146) of land, according to Government Survey, together with all water and water-rights thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining and 10 shares of stock of the Precipice Canyon Land &amp; Water Company.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That, on Monday, the 13th day of May, A. D., 1912, at 12:00 o'clock noon, on that day, in front of the Court House, door of the City of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or more or less, excepting the last thirty (30) feet of the south fifteen hundred (1525.92) feet, also the south twenty-five (25) feet as necessary for roads, as is so recorded in Book 111, page 189 of the Deed records.

Dated this 18th day of April, 1912.

H. H. HAMMEL,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County, By W. T. OSTERHOLT, Deputy Sheriff, B. A. DUNNIGAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

## Brief Items of Interest

K. L. Hastings of Los Angeles was in Sierra Madre Sunday as the guest of friends.

Charles Eager of Inglewood spent Sunday in Sierra Madre visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Nuetzell of Esperanza are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. C. B. Green was a week end guest at the home of Mrs. F. Gardner of Pasadena.

Mr. C. P. Peeler and family of Los Angeles are occupying the Kirby house on La Belle avenue.

Miss Marion Drake of Pasadena was a week end guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Krebs.

Dr. I. B. Mills of Santa Ana is occupying the Wheeler cottage on the corner of La Belle and Mt. Trail.

The Ancient Priscillas were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Stevenson of Lamanda Park, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Chichester and family of Los Angeles have rented the Meek house on Laurel for a short stay.

Mrs. W. J. Lawless and Mrs. C. C. Nourse attended Reciprocity Day held at the Irwindale Club, Covina Tuesday.

Lieutenant Charles W. Forman and his mother, Mrs. Forman, of Uplands were in Sierra Madre Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Norma Rockhold Robins of Glendale was a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Roland Adams, Monday.

Mrs. E. Evans and family of Los Angeles are occupying the Adams cottage on La Belle between Baldwin and Auburn.

Mrs. B. F. Rockhold has returned to her home in Riverside after spending the week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Roland Adams.

Mrs. Evelyn Morris of Los Angeles and Miss Latimore of Pasadena were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Maher this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sholes and Mrs. Harry Little of Los Angeles were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holt Gregory, Sunday.

Herbert Ingraham has given up his position in Los Angeles for the summer. He will spend his vacation at home in Sierra Madre.

Miss Laura Krebs leaves today for her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, after spending the past year in Sierra Madre at the home of her brother, Dr. L. L. Krebs.

Las Auxiliadores de Sierra Madre held its usual meeting at the home of Mrs. G. H. Johnson Thursday. The time was devoted to sewing, lunch being served at noon.

Lieutenant and Mrs. W. S. Greacen spent the week end in Sierra Madre at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mason. They have now gone to Monterey, where Lieutenant Greacen is stationed, to make their future home.

The L. I. C. was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Alma Jones Thursday. Miss Jones gave a very interesting talk on Tahiti where she has spent some time. She has a large collection of curios and views gathered during the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Mootz were host and hostess at a dinner party given at their home Saturday night for some out of town friends. Covers were laid for eight. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Galter of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Johnson of San Pedro, and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cuthbert of Alhambra.

Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Krebs were host and hostess at a dinner party given at their home Thursday night as a farewell to Miss Laura Krebs who leaves today for her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Covers were laid for sixteen. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Roland Adams, Mrs. Mary Davis Goodfellow, Misses Hill, Craig, Rice, Drake, and Marjorie Rice, Messrs. W. C. Davis, D. M. Mackerras, G. B. Morgridge, A. L. Morse, and R. C. Danican.

Miss Mattle Seeley was hostess at a delightful little party given at the home of her sister, Mrs. M. D. Welsher, Thursday afternoon, in honor of Miss Grace Howlett. The time was pleasantly spent in games. The rooms were artistically decorated with pink roses, the same color scheme being carried out in the refreshments. Others present were Misses Katharine Schwartz, Beatrice and Marguerite Ward, Helen Janson, Lucile Sparks and Anna Kehlet.

D. E. Spafford of Highland Park visited his brother, S. H. Spafford, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lawless leave today for a trip of a few days to San Francisco.

Mrs. H. A. Barber of Los Angeles spent Saturday as the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Morgridge.

Mrs. J. A. Osgood, Mrs. Beyer and Miss Hersa Lea attended the Mission Play at San Gabriel Wednesday.

Mrs. Mabel Bennett and her sister, Miss Gertrude Spafford, of Seattle are visiting their uncle, S. H. Spafford.

Miss J. Dean of Santa Monica spent last week at the home of Mrs. J. H. Nightingale of East Algeria avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Kessler and Mrs. Charles Green and George Kessler of Pasadena were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Camp Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Ewing of San Francisco is spending several weeks as a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nightingale.

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Mackerras and Miss Jean Craig enjoyed an auto trip to Riverside, Redlands and San Bernardino Monday.

Mrs. C. C. Montbomery entertained with two tables of bridge whilst at her home Wednesday night. Refreshments were served after cards.

Mrs. George Wilson and son, who have spent the winter in Sierra Madre left Saturday for their home in Chicago. Mrs. Wilson is a sister of Mr. C. W. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Moser and two nieces of Indiana and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. White of Long Beach were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Baker.

The regular Wednesday tennis party was enjoyed at the Lambert court on East Grand View. There were about ten players. Tea was afterwards served on the lawn.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Congregational church, held an all day meeting at the Lambert court on East Grand View. There were about ten players. Tea was afterwards served on the lawn.

Mr. A. L. Ulrich and children, Miss Portia Ulrich and Edward Ulrich, who have been living in Los Angeles during the winter, have returned to Sierra Madre and are occupying their home in San Gabriel Court.

Messrs. J. C. Pegler, C. J. Pegler and S. Mead spent a few days last week inspecting land about Porterville and Lindsay. They were escorted around by C. B. Reas in his auto and saw some interesting country.

Miss Florence Vanner of this city and her sister, Miss Daisy Vanner of Los Angeles, are spending the week end at La Jolla as the guests of friends.

Miss Helen Morrow and Mr. James Chapman of Los Angeles were week end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ingraham.

The members of the Eleven-and-One club entertained with a progressive supper Tuesday night. Four courses were served. Starting at the home of Miss Sherman, the party progressed to Miss Anderson's, then to Norris, ending up at Miss Sparks'. A delightful musical program and various games were enjoyed by those present.

The guests were: the Misses Margarette Anderson, Florence Berryhill, Hilda Caley, Maybelle Caley, Marian Decker, Anna Janson, Muriel King, Ethel Powell, Mildred Sherman, Ruth Sparks, Mrs. W. M. Dennison, Messrs. R. Risdon, Baugh, Lytle, Bixby, Pelletier, Bovard, Clark, Dennison, Poole, Two-cross, and Hartman.

The regular meeting of the Dickens Club was held at the home of Mrs. C. C. Montgomery Wednesday. This club has been recently organized for the study of the great novelist. The members are all Dickens lovers and the study of the books and characters is highly interesting. Next week the club will be entertained at luncheon at the home of Mrs. C. H. Baker, when all the members will appear in costume.

Mrs. Catherine Pierce Wheat will read a paper on "The Woman Who Tolls," at the meeting on Monday, May 27. The paper has been read before a number of other clubs and has always been well received.

Mr. Edmund Norton of Los Angeles will speak at an evening meeting to which the public is invited on Friday, May 10. His subject will be the single tax.

On Friday evening, May 17, there will be a dancing party in the club house.

The annual election of officers will be held at the last meeting in May, Monday, the 27th. Nominating ballots have been sent out with the monthly programs and members are urged to fill them out and return to Mrs. A. M. Staples as soon as possible.

Conkey's Poultry Book means dollars to anyone. Free if you bring this ad to Sierra Madre Feed &amp; Fuel Co.

31-34

## The Theaters

## Burbank

The literally tremendous triumph achieved by Muriel Starr, Donald Powles and the others of the Burbank company in the first stock company performance of Blisson's world famous drama, "Madame X," made it apparent that a second week of this powerful and stirring play would be necessary.

Ever since the first performance the Burbank has been crowded to overflowing with theater goers anxious for a view of this remarkable play that has mother love for its dominant theme. It is a fine tribute to the worth of the Burbank company that scores and scores of persons who have witnessed the traveling companies' presentations of "Madame X" unhesitatingly pronounce the Burbank offering to be vastly superior in many ways.

No more finer conception and pathetic portrayal of the unhappy woman who seeks forgiveness from her husband is an unfortunate mistake and is brutally denied even a final look upon her infant boy, can be imagined than that given by Miss Starr. It is at once compelling and convincing and at all times sketched with absolute verity and right.

## Belasco

With the thousands of visiting nobles of the Mystic Shrine in possession of Los Angeles for the week, it is singularly appropriate that the Belasco stage should be given over to Leo Deterstein's absurdly funny success, "Are You a Mason?" This noted laughing play is no stranger to the theater goers in this city, nor is it by any means unknown to the visiting Masons. Yet it is very generally regarded as one of the best farces the stage has ever known—extremely funny throughout its three acts and not merely leopard-like in its quantity of humor, which is essentially clean and wholesome.

"Are You a Mason?" concerns a staid old married man of Rockford, Illinois, who for a dozen or more years has explained his nocturnal absences from home by the fact that he has been in attendance upon Masonic meetings. He makes a visit with his wife to the New York home of his daughter and son-in-law who has been using the same sort of an explanation to his wife that has proved so successful in the case of his Rockford father-in-law. When the two spurious Masons meet the fun takes on a hilarious character and until the final drop of the curtain there is no stop to the fun.

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Sugar Butter, special at .23

For layer and loaf cakes it makes a delicious filling and icing.

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1 can Crisco, 30c size .25

6 bars White Bear Soap .25

2 cans Alpine Milk .15

2 cakes Sapolio .15

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2 pkgs. Gloss Starch .15

2 lbs Dried Peaches .15

Chuck Roast, per lb. .12½

Pork Roast, per lb. .12½

Swift's Premium Bacon, by piece, lb. .30

Try our Cash System of doing business. We know we can save you money.

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## A SPLENDID HAZARD

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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### SYNOPSIS

Paris Fitzgerald meets Karl Breitmann, a mysterious adventurer, and sees a beautiful American girl, who interests him. Breitmann dreams of securing 2,000 francs.

Ferraud, a French detective and buttery collector, is shadowing Breitmann for France, whose safety he imperils. Germany is also interested in Breitmann. In New York Fitzgerald meets Cathewe.

Fitzgerald on a wager poses as an Italian vendor of plaster statuettes. A beautiful young woman asks him to call at a house in Dalton. The house is owned by Admiral Killigrew.

The beautiful young woman, Miss Laura Killigrew, asks him to become her father's secretary and clear up a mysterious tapping in the house. The burglar alarm wires have been tampered with.

Breitmann instead of Fitzgerald is engaged as the admiral's secretary. Hunting pirate's treasure is the admiral's hobby. His ancient home had been owned by Admiral Killigrew.

Laura tells Breitmann about the strange noises in the big chimney of the house. Fitzgerald and Breitmann plan to trap the intruder who is seeking something in the chimney.

Some one has been tampering with Breitmann's trunk. Fitzgerald and Breitmann find loosened brick in the chimney and chalk diagram.

The admiral partly dismantles the chimney, and Breitmann finds papers describing a treasure hidden in Corsica by soldiers of Napoleon to aid his return to power.

The admiral plans to take his daughter, Fitzgerald. Breitmann and others to Corsica on his yacht. Cathewe and Hildegarde von Mitter are invited.

Ferraud meets the admiral and gets an invitation. Fitzgerald learns that Breitmann has lied to him. Both are in love with Laura.

Fitzgerald accuses Ferraud of having explored the chimney. Ferraud admits that he is a French detective. Hildegarde still loves Breitmann, who has lied to her. Cathewe loves Hildegarde.

Breitmann and Cathewe quarrel over Hildegarde, of whom Breitmann speaks in complimentary terms. The admiral's party sails for Corsica on the treasure hunt.

Ferraud discovers that one of the foremost Orleanists of France is on the yacht in disguise as Picard. Laura becomes interested in Fitzgerald.

Breitmann plots to secure the treasure. Laura refuses to marry him. Ferraud promises Fitzgerald that he will reveal Breitmann's secret.

Ferraud tells the entire party that a young man, a descendant of Napoleon, is planning to overturn France. Breitmann threatens Ferraud with death.

Corsica is reached. Ferraud overhauls Breitmann and Picard plotting to secure the treasure and invade France with an army headed by Breitmann.

Breitmann knocks Fitzgerald senseless, binds and gags Ferraud and goes after the treasure, pursued by the admiral's party.

Ferraud tells the admiral Breitmann is the great-grandson of Napoleon. Laura and Fitzgerald love each other. Hildegarde remains loyal to Breitmann.

Breitmann secures the treasure. Ferraud proves to him that Picard is a traitor. Picard wounds Breitmann in a duel.

Hildegarde and Breitmann become reconciled. Breitmann abandons his Napoleonic ambition and retains the treasure. He confesses that he was an impostor.

(Continued from Page 1)



"PIETRO, PUT YOUR HANDS IN THERE!"

shallow pit. He rolled beside it, done for, in a fainting state. Breitmann laughed wildly.

"Come, come; we have no time. Put it into your pockets."

"But I have not counted it!" naively.

"Tomorrow when we make camp for breakfast. Let us hurry."

Quickly Pietro stuffed his pockets, jabbering in his patois, swearing so many candleries to the Virgin for his night's work. Then began the loading of the sacks, and these were finally dumped into the donkey panniers.

"Now, Pietro, the shortest cut to Ajaccio. First your hand on your amulets and oath never to reveal what has happened."

Pietro swore solemnly. "I am ready now, master."

"Lead on, then," replied Breitmann, impulsively he raised his hands high above his head. "Mine, all mine!"

He wiped his face and hands, pulled his cap down firmly, lighted a cigarette.

rette, struck the rear donkey, and the hazardous journey began.

Seven men more or less young, with a genial air of dissipation about their eyes and a varied degree of recklessness lurking at the corners of their mouths—seven men sat round a table in a house in the Rue St. Charles. They had been eating and drinking rather luxuriously for Ajaccio. The Rue St. Charles is neither spacious nor elegant as a thoroughfare, but at that point where it turns into the Place Letta it is quiet and unrequited at night. A film of tobacco smoke wavered in and out among the guttering candles and streamed round the empty and part empty champagne bottles. At the head of the table sat Breitmann, still pale and weary from his Herculean labors. His face was immobile, but his eyes were lively.

"Tomorrow," said Breitmann, "we leave for France. On board the men will be equally divided. Then for the work." His voice was cold, authoritative.

"Two millions!" mused Picard from behind a fresh cloud of smoke. He picked up a bottle and gravely filled his glass, beckoning to the others to follow his example. At another sign all rose to their feet, Breitmann alone remaining seated. "To the day!"

Breitmann's lips grew thinner. That was the only sign.

Outside, glancing obliquely through the gridded window, stood M. Ferraud. He had not seen these worthies together before. He knew all of them. There was not a shoulder among them that he could not lay a hand upon and voice with surety the order of the law. Courage of a kind they all had, names once written gloriously in history, but now merely passports into dubious traffic. Heroes of boulevard exploits, duelists, card players—could it be possible that any sane man should be their dupe? After the strange toast he heard many things—some he had known, some he had guessed at and some which surprised him. Only loyalty was lacking to make them feared indeed. Presently he saw Breitmann rise. He was tired, he needed sleep. On the morrow, then, and in a week the first blow of the new terror. They all bowed respectfully as he passed out.

The secret agent followed him till he reached the Place des Palmiers. He put a hand on Breitmann's arm. The latter, highly keyed, swung quickly, and, seeing who it was (the man he believed to be at that moment a prisoner in the middle country), he made a sinister move toward his hip. M. Ferraud was in peril, and he realized it. "Wait a moment, monsieur. There is no need of that. I repeat, I wish you well, and this night I will prove it. What? Do you not know that I could have put my hand on you at any moment? Attend. Return with me to the little house in Rue St. Charles. Breitmann's hand again stole toward his hip.

"You were listening?"

"Yes. Be careful. My death would not change anything. I wish to disillusion you I wish to prove to you how deeply you are the dupe of those men. All your plans have been remarkable, but not one of them has remained unknown to me. You clasp the hand of this duke who plays the sailor under the name of Picard, he has a fighting chance."

"The wine last night: my hand wasn't steady enough. Some day the pillow will curse me as a poor shot. The devil take the business! Not a sou for my pocket out of all the trouble I have had. But for the want of a clear head I should be a rich man today. Who thought he would come back?"

"I did," answered M. Ferraud.

"You?"

"With pleasure! I brought him back. Thank God for your empty pockets, monsieur! If I were you I should not land at Marseilles. Try Livorno, by all means Livorno."

"For this?" asked Picard, with a jerk of his head toward Breitmann, who was being carefully lifted on to the carriage seat.

"No; for certain letters you have not sent to the Quai d'Orsay. You comprehend?"

"What do you mean?" truculently. For Picard was not in a kindly mood this morning.

But the little Bayard of the Quai laughed. "Shall I explain here, monsieur? Be wise. Go to Italy, all of you. This time you overreached. Monsieur le Due. Your ballet dancers must wait!" And, with rare insolence, M. Ferraud showed his back to his audience, climbed to the seat by the driver, and led him return slowly to the Grand hotel.

Hildegarde refused to see any one but M. Ferraud. Hour after hour she sat by the bed of the injured man. Knowing that in all probability he would live, she was happy for the first time in years. He needed her; alone, broken, wrecked among his dreams, he needed her. He had recovered consciousness almost at once, and his first words were a curse on the man who had aimed so badly. He could talk but little, but he declared that he would rip the bandages if they did not prop his pillows so he could see the bay. The second time he woke he saw Hildegarde. She smiled brokenly, but he turned his head aside.

"Has the yacht gone yet?"

"No."

"When will it sail?"

"Tomorrow." Her heart swelled with bitter pain. The woman he loved would be on that yacht. But toward Laura she held nothing but kindness tinged with a wondering envy. Was not she, Hildegarde, as beautiful? Had Laura more talents than she, more accomplishments? Alas, yes, one! She had had the unconscious power of making this man love her.

To and fro she waved the fan. For awhile, at any rate, he would be hers. And when M. Ferraud said that the others wished to say farewell she declined. She could look none of them in the face again, nor did she care. She was sorry for Cathewe. His life would be as broken as hers, but a man has the world under his feet, scenes of action, changes to soothe his hurt. A woman has little else but her needle.

All through the day and all through the night she remained on guard, rendering her vigil only to M. Ferraud. With cold cloths she kept down the fever, wiping the hot face and hands. He would pull through, the surgeon said, but he would have his curse to thank.

There was something about the man the doctor did not understand. He acted as if he did not care to live.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs! Prince!"

And then the voice of the master spirit, pitiless and ironical! Picard's. "Was there ever such a dupe? And not to laugh in his face is penance for my sins. A Dutchman, a bullet headed clod from Bavaria, the land of

## Old Irons for New

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The morning found her still at her post. Breitmann awoke early and appeared to take little interest in his surroundings.

"Why do you waste your time?" his voice was colorless.

"I am not wasting my time, Karl."

His head rolled slowly over on the pillow till he could see outside. Only two or three fishing boats were visible.

"When will the yacht sail?"

"Always that question. Go to sleep I will wake you when I see it."

"I've been a scoundrel, Hildegarde," and he closed his eyes.

Where would she go when he left this room? For the future was always rising up with this question. What would she do? How would she live? She too shut her eyes.

The door opened. The visitor was M. Ferraud. He touched his lips with a finger and stole toward the bed.

"Better?"

She nodded.

"Are you not dead for sleep?"

"It does not matter."

Breitmann's eyes opened, for his brain was wide awake. "Ferraud?"

"Yes. They wished me to say goodbye for them."

"To me?" incredulously.

"They have none but good wishes."

"She will never know?"

"Not unless Mr. Fitzgerald tells her."

"Hildegarde, I had planned her abduction. Don't misunderstand. I have sunk low indeed, but not so low as that. I wanted to harm them. They would have left me free. She was to be a pawn. I shouldn't have hurt her."

"You do not care to return to Germany?"

"Not to France, M. Ferraud."

"There's a wide world outside. You will find room enough," diffidently.

"An outlaw?"

"Of a kind."

"Be easy. I haven't even the wish to be buried there. There is more to the story, more than you know. My name is Herman Stuler—if I live there is not a drop of French blood in

They are leaving, Karl," she said, and the courage in her eyes beat down the pain in her heart.

"In my coat inside. Bring them to me." As he could move only his right arm, and that but painfully, he bade her open each paper and hold it so that he could read plainly. The scrawl of the great captain, a deed and title, some dust dropping from the worn folds—how he strained his eyes upon them. He could not help the swift intake of air, and the stab which pierced his shoulder made him faint. She began to refold them. "No," he whispered. "Tear them up; tear them up!"

"Why, Karl?"

"Tear them up, now, at once. I shall never look at them again. Do it. What does it matter? I am only Herman Stuler. Now!"

With shaking fingers she ripped the tattered sheets, and the tears ran over and down her cheeks.

"Now, toss them into the grate and light a match."

And when he saw the reflected glare on the opposite wall he sank deeper

into the pillow. The woman was openly sobbing. She came back to his side, knelt and laid her lips upon his hand. There was now only a dim white speck on the horizon, and with that strange sea magic the hull suddenly dipped down, and naught but a trail of smoke remained. Then this, too, vanished. Breitmann withdrew his hand, but he laid it upon her head.

"I am a broken man, Hildegarde, and in my madness I have been something of a rascal. But for all that I had big dreams, but thus they go, the one in flames, and the other out to sea." He stroked her hair. "Will you share what is left? Will you share with me the outlaw, be the wife of a disappointed outlaw? Will you?"

"Would I not follow you to any land? Would I not share with you any miseries? Have you ever doubted the strength of my love?"

"Knowing that there was another?"

"Knowing even that."

"It is I who am little and you who are great. Hildegarde, we'll have our friend Ferraud seek a priest this afternoon and square accounts."

Her head dropped to the coverlet.

After that there was no sound except the crisp metallic rattle of the palms in the freshening breeze.

THE END.

Remember Georgie Wright, the handy ad, when you want your shoes polished or errands run. Will deliver anything that can be carried on a bicycle. See him at barber shop or phone Blue 42.

There are some philanthropists who spend altogether too much time inducing other people to subscribe.—Puck.

DRESSMAKING — Mrs. C. M. Ellsworth, 38 N. Windsor Lane.

## FEED AND FUEL TRANSFER

All kinds of stock and poultry feed. Best grades of fuel

Andrew Olsen

TWYCROSS  
SPECIAL DELIVERY

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taken to or from Santa Fe or Pacific Electric Stations for 25¢ When you are expecting any

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send us a posta or call up  
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We will watch for it and deliver it promptly.

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If not bring it in and let us clean and regulate it

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for elegance, grace and health. Also Warner's Rust-proof and Sahlin Waists. All prices

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Five-Passenger Chalmers Car, by hour or trip.

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Wood and Coal,  
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Cleaning and Pressing  
All Work Guaranteed

First Class

Phone 87 Monrovia for driver

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By the Hour or Day Meets any car

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Pumps, wind shields, oils, lamps, and all the other needs of the machine can be found at our garage. Full line of foggy for the driver. All kinds of sporting goods

A. L. RYDER

180 EAST COLORADO ST. PASADENA

## SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By GEORGE B. MORGRIFFE

Published Fridays

Subscription \$1.50 Yearly

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Sierra Madre, California  
Office, Room G, Kursting Court  
Telephone Black 42, Universal Long Distance Connections

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912

## BY THE WAY

The approach of the presidential preference primaries finds a great many people in a quandary as to how to vote. There seems no doubt that a majority of the people of California have decided Mr. Taft will not do, and will so vote at the polls. The progressive republican vote will go to Roosevelt and LaFollette. If the division between the adherents of these two men can be made sharp enough there is a chance for a California delegation at the national convention under Taft instructions. Obviously the thing for progressives to do is to get together on a candidate. Consider then the result if the delegation is instructed for LaFollette. However desirable he may be, and this paper yields to no one in admiration for the man and his work, he has no chance of being nominated. For it is admitted the main contest will be between Roosevelt and Taft, and LaFollette is too radical to be acceptable to the Taft wing of the party as a compromise candidate in case neither can secure the necessary votes. Roosevelt seems to be the only progressive who has a chance to win the republican nomination. Let there be no division in the progressive ranks and California will send a solid delegation to the republican national convention, backed by a majority that will leave no doubt in the mind of any one as to whether California prefers to be ruled by special interests or by the people.

**WORTHY OF COMMENT**  
Hollywood Citizen.—The Sierra Madre News issued a special edition last week on the occasion of the annual flower show held in that city, which is a little the finest thing in the way of a special edition that has floated upon the "Citizen's" desk for some time. The magazine portrays with beautiful illustrations the attractive features of Sierra Madre and is liberally supported by the Board of Trade and business men of the enterprising little city. The editor, Mr. George B. Morgridge, is indeed to be congratulated upon his enterprise and success.

## SPECIAL EDITION OF SIERRA MADRE NEWS

Van Nuys News.—The Flower Festival number of the Sierra Madre News reached our desk last week. Both from an editorial and artistic standpoint it surpasses any edition of its kind which has come to our notice since coming to California. Brother Morgridge is to be congratulated on the edition which places his community so invitingly before the public, and the people of Sierra Madre are to be congratulated that they have such an able gentleman at the head of their local press.

## THE FLOWER FESTIVAL SUPPLEMENT

The editor of the News acknowledges with heartfelt thanks the many expressions of appreciation for the Flower Festival supplement of the News which have come verbally, by telephone, by mail and from our exchanges, from all parts of the country. They have been almost overwhelming in their kindness. Some of the editorial expressions which have come to the exchange table are reprinted herewith.

El Monte Gazette.—The Sierra Madre News issued with its paper of last week a handsome Flower Festival supplement. The supplement is in magazine form with cover printed in orange and purple. It is an artistic and excellent work, full of illustrations and write-ups descriptive of the beautiful little foothill city, and will prove a strong feature in attracting home-seekers to Sierra Madre.

Eagle Rock Sentinel.—One of the handsomest and most complete special editions that has come to our exchange desk for many a day was the Sierra Madre Flower Festival number of the News this week. It was a beautiful piece of work from the mechanical and artistic standpoint and showed to splendid effect the flower show and also the fine homes and scenery in and around that thriving city. So well did the News set forth their attractions that we will want to pay that city a visit in the near future. That is just the effect a live newspaper has on people and shows conclusively the valuable asset of a publisher who is alive and equal to his opportunities.

Inglewood News.—The Sierra Madre News issued a special edition of its interesting publication last week. The edition portrays all the events of a flower festival recently held in Sierra Madre, besides graphically describing, by pen and picture, the beauties and advantages of that favored locality. The edition is one of the handsomest we have ever received. Typographically it is perfect, and is certainly a credit to Editor Morgridge and his staff of assistants.

Lankershim Laconic.—Bro. Morgridge of the Sierra Madre News, can be justly proud of his Flower Festival supplement to his paper of last week, which we have just received. There

## An Old Fashioned Barbecue at San Jacinto

The San Jacinto Board of Trade has plans for an Old Fashioned Barbecue that bids fair to outdo anything of its kind ever given in this part of the country. It is to be given in celebration of the Great Water Discovery made recently, together with the present and future prosperity of their most beautiful little valley. San Jacinto fattened steers and pigs, for which this section is famous, will be served, as a pleasant reminder and notice to the whole country around that San Jacinto is happy. It was always good, but now it is literally running over with possibilities, in all branches of ranching, fruit growing, cattle and hog raising, in fact it goes right down the line heading the list in almost every particular.

Look for another notice in this paper next issue. Send postal for photographs and further particulars. San Jacinto Board of Trade, San Jacinto, Cal.

I Am Receiving Every Morning Shipments of Fresh

Telephone Peas  
and Stuart's Asparagus

Have you tried them?  
The Finest on the Market

All kinds of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

M. D. WELSHER

Phone, Main 6

"YOUR GROCER"

Central and Baldwin

bridge has reason to be proud of the achievement, both editorially and mechanically.

## EXCELLENT NEWSPAPER WORK

San Fernando Press.—The Sierra Madre News by George B. Morgridge, did itself proud last week in issuing a handsome flower festival supplement containing thirty-two pages and cover printed on heavy carded book paper, superbly illustrated with fine half-tone reproductions of local scenes. Typographically and otherwise it was a credit to the publisher.

## ISSUES FLORAL NUMBER

Sierra Madre News Publishes Supplement in Connection with Show

Pasadena Daily News.—In connection with the Flower Festival, the Sierra Madre News has just issued a magazine supplement, which is a most artistic work. The supplement is printed on fine glazed paper and illustrated with handsome half-tones of the many beautiful residences and buildings of that picturesque foot-hill city, as well as by other scenic and appropriate pictures. The cover bears a half tone of the Sierra Madre Woman's club house, where the annual flower festival is held. Aside from the handsome illustrations the magazine contains several well written sketches and descriptions of the pretty mountain city.

## News Liners

Advertising inserted under this heading at the rate of five cents per line or each insertion.

## FOR SALE FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Office desk space. A. S. Mead. 28

FOR RENT—Desk room with fine display window. News Office. 23

FOR RENT—3-room California house, gas, bath, etc. No sickness. \$12.25 per month. 55 N. Lima. Mrs. E. Singleton. 31\*

FOR SALE—Best orchard horse in city. Good anywhere; tough and sound, 1,050 lbs. Price \$50. A. A. Rice, Phone Blue 11. 31

## MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Sierra Madre vacant or improved for Long Beach residence income. I. S. Watson, 649 P. E. Building, Los Angeles. 31-32

FOR EXCHANGE—We will exchange choice vacant lots in Long Beach for first class property in Sierra Madre or vicinity. Gundry & Ramsaur, 132 Ocean Avenue, Long Beach. 31-33

The undersigned has purchased the agency of the Los Angeles Times and Examiner for Sierra Madre. All subscriptions after the first of May will be payable to him and may be paid at store of J. A. Patterson. Advertisements for either paper solicited and promptly taken care of. Telephone Red 62. D. TAYLOR.

An evening of picture and song will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Dobbins in the Town Hall next Thursday evening under the auspices of the Good Templar Lodge. There will be solos, and 100 beautiful colored stereopticon views will illustrate a lecture on "Ben Hur." Adults 25 cents, children 15 cents.

No trouble to give Conkey's Roup Medicine. Just a pinch in drinking water. The fowls take their own medicine. For sale by Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co. 31-38

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS & DESIGNS

Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion as to whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents and Trade Marks for sale. Send for it.

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## Drugs, Toilet Articles, Stationery

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F. H. HARTMAN

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Sierra Madre, California

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## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

## RENAKER &amp; GAY

Funeral Directors

Resident Undertaker Olsen Bldg. Lady Assistant Corner Baldwin and Central Phone Main 93 Auto and Horse Drawn Ambulances

## "Raisin Day April 30"

## Rates, Dates

1912

## Excursions

April 25, 26, 27 (St. Paul and Minneapolis only).

May 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 29, 30.

June 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29.

July 1, 2, 3, 15, 16, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31.

August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 22, 23, 24, 29, 30, 31.

September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12.

Fifteen days going limit.

October 31st, 1912.

Return Limit

FARES:

Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo \$55.00

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St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans \$72.50

St. Paul, Minneapolis \$73.50

New York, Philadelphia, Montreal \$108.50

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Washington, Baltimore \$107.50

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SEE AGENTS

## Southern Pacific

"Eat California Raisins"

Don't let lice eat up your valuable poultry when it's so easy to get rid of them. Conkey's Lice Powder, Lice Liquid and Head Lice Ointment are guaranteed to do the work quickly. Get a practical poultry book free from Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co. 31-38

He—We are now coming to tunnel. Are you not scared? She—Not a bit if you take the cigar out of your mouth.—Tit-Elts.

Frances A. Andrews, Secretary.

April 25, 1912.

30-31

The News Liner Column is a great market place for all classes of goods and real estate. Try it.

Engraved cards in approved styles at the News Printery.